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WATCH-HILL BAY.

BY H. W. STILLMAN.

The sun is high
Within the sky;
The moon on the bay;
The water's dull roar
On Watch-Hill shore
Seems oh, so far away!
The pale moon
Of lovely blue
Pervades the summer sky,
Where fleecy clouds
Like ships white clouds
Sail onward slowly,
More dully blue
But fair to view
The bay and sea below,
Where real sails
Borne by soft gales
Speed lightly to and fro.
Our waiting boat
Idly afloat
Rocks gently on the tide
Beside the pier,
And we can hear
The water lap her side,
While dreamily
We gaze away
Across the bay so wide,
Where Nottingham
Sleeps in the sun
Nor wakes from her drowse,
Where tides break green
And fair is seen
Waving her forest boughs,
Or northward still
O'er vale and hill
Toward Westbury.
Hark! now we hear
Notes soft and clear
Of song-birds merrily
Departing o'er
The grassy shore
And singing joyously.
See! in the wave
Their plumes they lave,
Then wing their rapid flight
O'er meadows fair,
Through viewless air
Receding from our sight.
Thus musingly
We gaze away
Across the water wide,
Toward vander shore
While leaning o'er
Our salubrious side
Dreaming away
Our holiday
Beneath our lounge-bug rail,
Like swain and maid
Above our head
While moonlight beams prevail.
Our waiting boat
Idly afloat
Rocks gently on the pier;
The sun's dull roar
On Watch-Hill shore
Seems faintly to be heard,
O'er summer noons
Vanished too soon!
The sun to watch the bay
Your moments sweet
In musings dwell
Floating on Watch-Hill bay.



THE DETECTIVES EXAMINING THE MARKS ON THE RIVER SHORE.

THE HEIR OF GLENDALE; Jewel with the Serpent Setting.

OR, THE

BY FRANK CARROLL.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN PARSONS'S PILOT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE FRAGMENT OF A WILL.

It was with an expression of unbounded astonishment that Merivale beheld his jewel, extended seemingly toward him by the housekeeper. He was too deeply lost in surprise to mark the suspicion manifested on their faces, or to notice Marie, as she sat in a cowering position, her face hidden. The form of the murdered man himself failed to attract his attention. The flashing facets of the diamond were all that he had eyes for in that moment of supreme wonder. He had not worn it since returning from the Park a week before, but had left it, as he supposed, safely laid away in a private cabinet. By what work of magic could it have reached this house and fallen into that woman's fingers? "Where did you get that?" he asked sharply, advancing into the room, his wet and muddy boots making their full impression upon the carpet. Marie looked up at this sternly questioning voice. She had not before been aware of his entrance. "I took it from the grasp of the murdered man there," she replied firmly, her eyes fixed on his. "How did you get it?" he asked. "I have not the most remote conception of it," she replied. "When last I saw it I locked it safely up in a cabinet, of which I have the key. By what necromancy it fell into your hands is utterly beyond my power to determine." "Look here, sir," said Louis, advancing. "You are so taken up with that jewel that you are blind to this more terrible sight. Can you gaze unmoved on the face of poor Mr. Ogden, lying here, murdered in cold blood?" He motioned the women away, and pointed to the corpse which they had partly concealed. Mr. Merivale gazed intently for a minute upon the bloodless face, a sad expression marking his features as he did so. Marie had risen, and stood leaning upon her chair, her eyes fixed as with fascination upon his countenance. "And to think that my last words with him were words of anger and scorn!" he said, sorrowfully, speaking more to himself than to any one present. "You have not returned to account for this?" said Louis, thrusting the handkerchief before his eyes. "And the blood on your face, how came that there?" He started, and gazed with an alarmed glance at the handkerchief. With a quick motion he pressed his hand to his temple.

It came away stained with blood. At that instant only had he realized the web of circumstantial evidence that was gathering around him. The possibility of his being suspected had not crossed his mind for a moment, until the tone of the speaker plainly displayed the doubts that existed in his mind. The confusion of the suspected man was natural under such circumstances, and did not fail to add to the suspicions of those who mentally accused him. At this instant Marie came forward, took the handkerchief from the hands of the servant, and pushed him aside almost rudely. "Speak, Robert," she said, looking earnestly into his face. "How do you account for your handkerchief being found here?" "I must have dropped it," he said, in the same soliloquizing tone. "Dropped it?" cried the housekeeper loudly. "You were here then?" "Yes, I was here," he replied, looking firmly into the face of Marie. "I was here and away again before a soul of you had entered the room. I overtook the murderer, had a desperate struggle with him, and bear this mark of evidence of his superior strength. He struck me prostrate by a blow on the temple." "When and how was this?" asked Marie, approaching him more closely. "It was several minutes before any one dared to approach this room. Were you here in the interval?" "Let us first seek another apartment," he said, leading the way from the room. "This is too distressing a spectacle for your eyes. Look up the room, Louis. Let nothing be disturbed until an officer can examine it." They followed him to the stairs, and to a room on the ground floor, he said, "when that terrible cry was made, I was lingering about with the hope of seeing you again. This man can tell you the same, as he saw me there an hour ago. I wanted so badly to see you, and waited till I found there was no longer any hope of your coming out to me. When that scream of murder was made I dashed into the house and into the room, where I saw the fearful vision you have all beheld. I had my handkerchief in my hand, and must then have dropped it. Looking from the window I saw a dark object stealing through the grounds. It was not a minute before I was out of the house again, followed the fugitive to the water's edge, where he had just entered a boat and cast loose the fastenings. I leaped upon him, grappled with him, and for a moment gained the advantage. But he was too strong for me. He broke loose, and struck me a blow on the temple, hurling me headlong from the boat. Before I could recover he was far out into the river." With intense interest they heard this story, various shades of belief expressed in their faces as he proceeded. Marie had evidently given up whatever doubt she might have entertained, and her face beamed with joy at his self-justification. "What paper is that you so tightly clasp in your hand?" she asked. He looked down in surprise at her question, as if unaware that all this time he had held crushed in his hand a torn fragment of paper, which seemed closely written upon.

"Hold, one moment!" cried Louis. "It is not ten minutes since the boat left the shore?" "Hardly that." "It is not too late then to pursue. We have a good boat. I will get some men and follow the murderer." "I fear it will be of no use, as he was

lost in the darkness before I left the shore." "The moon is just rising. We may overtake him," was the reply. "Go, then. Every effort must be made. I will go in a few moments to the station, and telegraph to the city to put the police on the alert. They may arrest him seeking to land at the wharves." Without another word, Louis hastily left the room. "I cannot imagine what this paper is, or how I obtained it," said Merivale, looking curiously at the torn document. "I had nothing of the kind in my hand before that struggle, and it must have somehow fallen into my possession during my fight with the murderer. I may have torn it out of his hands or from his person during the combat." "What is it?" asked Marie curiously. "It may throw some light on this dreadful circumstance." The housekeeper stood with a cold, stern visage, regarding him with the eye of an inquirer. Her suspicions had evidently not been allayed. She still firmly grasped the breastpin, plainly intending to keep it as evidence for the judicial investigation. "It appears to be part of a will," he said, straightening the wet and torn paper, and attempting to decipher it. "It is signed with the name of James Ogden. Is that his signature?" "Yes, Read it, Robert. It may contain some important clue to the purpose and identity of the murderer." "He must have taken it from Mr. Ogden's room. Must have known, in fact, precisely where to find it in the short interval at his command. Its being in his possession looks as if the obtaining it was one of his principal objects. I cannot but think that we have here an important clue." "Read it. I burn with anxiety to learn its contents." The others present placed themselves in attitudes of close attention, as he closely examined the wet document, striving to make out its contents. "I have only the concluding portion of it here," he said. "It has been torn across the paper, and there is a small piece torn from the edge of this fragment. I will read it as well as I can make it out. The water and mud have not helped its legibility." Approaching the light more closely, he proceeded to read as follows, mentioning the broken and illegible portions as he continued. These breaks in the document we have indicated below by stars. "I do hereby constitute and appoint my esteemed friends, William Brown and Horace Johnson, * * * Executors of this my last will and testament. "In witness whereof, I, James Ogden, * * * to this my last will, written on one sheet of parchment * * * hand and seal, this fourth day of May, 18 * * * This was followed by the signature, which was duly subscribed to by witnesses as having been made in their presence, the names of the witnesses signing being John Wilder and Edward Burns. "This is certainly a very important document," he said, carefully folding it up. "There is a mysterious reservation in this bequest to Henry Ogden—but there

is nothing left here to show its character, and unless the remainder of the will can be found, the property will revert to him." "The rents and interest will," said the housekeeper. "It is plain enough that he was forbidden by the will to dispose of any part of the property, and the executors were to hold it in trust for the real heir." "Very true," he replied, again examining the document. "If the lost words were here, I think it would have that meaning. But unless the remainder of the document is found, it will be impossible to tell who is referred to. This, in its present form, would probably not be considered a legal will. But even without a will, this nephew, being the nearest relative, would inherit the property." "You may be a little mistaken in that," said the housekeeper. "Mr. Henry Ogden will likely find this document to be a sound one, and that the executors will see that he don't run through the estate. And there may be relatives spring up as near as he is. There is nothing like a doubtful will to bring forth lost relations." "You do not like this nephew?" asked Mr. Merivale. "Not at all. He is wild and dissipated, and I know that Mr. Ogden has been displeased at some of his doings which came to his ears." "Nor do I like him," said Marie. "Why, I hardly know. I have seen but little of him, and that little has not impressed me favorably." "It is necessary that a detective officer be procured and brought here as soon as possible," said Merivale. "And I fear we are losing important time. I must go to the station immediately and telegraph to the city, and must take the next train down." "Do not go until Louis has returned," asked Marie, imploringly. "I cannot bear the thought of your leaving us here alone." As he spoke Mrs. Montague, the housekeeper, left the room, taking with her the breastpin and handkerchief, with the evident intention of keeping them in her own possession until a legal investigation should be instituted. The servants had previously gone out, and the departure of Mrs. Montague left the two lovers alone together. They looked into each other's faces for a minute without speaking. Then he said, in a strange tone: "She suspects me of being concerned in this horrible crime. Are my actions, then, so open to doubt, Marie?" "Doubt? And of you? No, no, you do her wrong, indeed! She acts from a sense of duty in retaining those articles, but I am sure she is not minded to you." "Circumstances look dark against me," he said, gloomily. "Some fatality kept us here until the time of the murder. Some unlucky destiny caused us to drop that handkerchief. Some unaccountable mystery placed my breastpin in the dead man's grasp. The clouds are gathering around me." "But you have explained all that," she said, in earnest tones. "You have told us your whole action in the matter. Your story is so satisfactory, that there is no danger of its being doubted." "I have one trusting friend, at any rate," he answered, thinking to himself that Mrs. Montague was a truer representative of the world at large. "There is one point though, which my explanation does not touch. That fatal jewel. I have already told you how ominous it is to all members of my family who allow it to pass from their hands. It has in some unex-

plained way passed from my possession, and already the fatal consequences are upon me." "You are desponding without cause, Robert. I have no doubt you will be able to clear up this mystery, to discover in what manner you lost it, and perhaps by this means gain a clue to the murderer. It looks evident to me that the man who robbed you of your jewel, was he who committed this murder and that in their fatal struggle, it was somehow grasped by my poor guardian." Robert listened to her words with increasing despondency. She was bringing the very argument to bear against the real murderer, that the world might bring against himself, yet without thinking of its full application. After some further conversation, in which she continued to express her faith in his innocence, and her confidence in his being able to make it clearly evident to the world, he left her, for the purpose of telegraphing to the police authorities of the city information of the murder, and instructions to place the harbor police on the alert against the probable approach of the murderer's boat. He described this boat and the man himself as clearly as he was able, under the circumstances of his excitement and the darkness of the night. His recollection of these particulars was very vague. Louis had not returned when he again reached the house. In fact, the last night train had passed before the moon who had gone in pursuit of the fugitive returned from their unsuccessful search. The moon had risen and the clouds broken, shortly after their start. But though this rendered the surface of the river visible for a considerable distance, and they had rowed with great speed, they had seen no sign of any other boat afloat upon the surface. This delay obliged Robert to spend the night at the house. It was a night passed with little slumber on the part of any inmate of the household. The awful presence of death, and death in such a form, in that locked room, was enough to banish slumber from all eyes. The key might be turned upon the corpse, but no lock could confine the horror that permeated the house, causing the wakeful to shudder with dread, the sleeping to dream dreams of fearful aspect. This cheerful country mansion could never again be what it had been hitherto. There was that henceforth associated with it which would throw a shadow upon all its cheer, a cloud upon all its sunshine, at least to all then present. Among those upon whose eyes fell not the blessed halo of slumber was Marie Dubois. Despite her words to Robert she had felt with deep terror the dangerous position in which he stood, and only a strong effort at repression enabled her to hide her fears from his eyes. In the silent watches of the night they came with redoubled force upon her, bringing in their train a misery of apprehension almost beyond her strength to bear. CHAPTER VI. THE EMPTY CABINET. Robert Merivale took the earliest morning train for Philadelphia. He had, like most of the inmates of the mansion, passed an anxious night, the strange array of circumstances which had grown up around him disturbing his mind despite his every effort to banish them from his thoughts. The mystery of the breastpin most annoyed and surprised him. He formed a dozen theories of the manner in which it could possibly have fallen into the dead man's hand, each of which was as quickly rejected as insufficient. It was principally the desire to reach

into this mysterious circumstance that impelled him, to this early return, though he felt also the importance of sending a skillful detective to the scene of the murder, with the hope that points of evidence might be discovered, exonerating him from the burden of suspicion which he now felt to rest upon him. Marie had risen even before himself, finding sleep utterly beyond reach. She did her best to arouse him from the depression which he evinced, assuring him of her earnest and changeless faith, and her full conviction that the truth would soon be discovered, and he be freed from all suspicion. Her words had a cheering effect upon him. Through them all her love manifested itself, and the devoted faith and affection of a warm soul like hers could not fail in making life look brighter to its recipient. He bade her good-bye, promising to return within a few hours, and took the six o'clock train for the city. His first movement was to the Central Police Station. He found that his telegram of the night before had been received and its suggestions acted upon, but without result. Nothing had been seen of such a boat as he had described. His fuller account of the circumstances excited the earnest attention of the officer in attendance. There were no detectives at the office at this early hour, but he promised to send at once for Mr. Long, one of the thickest officers on the force, and to dispatch him without delay to the scene of the crime. Leaving the office, as soon as these particulars had been attended to, he proceeded to his home, anxious to investigate the strange loss of his jewel. He was living with a widowed sister, who resided in the lower part of the city. On arriving at the house, he found the family just rising from breakfast. His sister met him with a dozen anxious inquiries, and suggestions that he should take some breakfast. But he could not eat, and led her to the parlor, where he explained to her what had happened, with the exception that he suppressed the doubtful circumstances bearing upon himself. "And now," he continued, "I have another mysterious matter to question you about. Do you remember my taking a trip to the Park, with Will Graham, about a week ago?" "Yes," she replied. "On Tuesday of last week." "I wore my diamond breastpin, if you remember." "Yes, I know that. You wear it so seldom that it is very noticeable." "Some time since then, probably immediately after that time, it unaccountably disappeared. I know where it is, but how it got there is utterly beyond my powers to fathom." "Your diamond lost?" she exclaimed, in intense surprise. "How can that be? Why have you not mentioned it before?" "I was not aware of it myself until last night." "But you have not been home since yesterday noon, and it is locked up in your room. How do you know it is lost?" "Because, as I said, I know where it is, but cannot understand how it got there. That, however, is not the question now. It must have been stolen in some manner from the house, and it is this I wish to talk with you about." "Stolen from the house?" she cried, excitedly. "It could not be stolen. There has not been a thing disturbed." "Have you noticed any suspicious persons about? It has been stolen, that is unquestionable. But evidently the thief has been very skillful in his operations. The fact of nothing but the diamond being disturbed makes it appear as if the robbery had been committed by some one who knew of my having it, and who made that the single object of his robbery." "But you must be dreaming, Robert," she replied. "I am sure there has been no stranger in the house, and there is no one here who is not trustworthy." "Of course I know that." "Come to your room then. Let us see if you are not mistaken." She led the way rapidly up stairs to the room which he occupied. "There is nothing else missing?" she asked. "Nothing that I am aware of." "And where did you place the jewel?" "Left it, I suppose, with your usual carelessness, lying in an open drawer." "Yes, indeed. I remember perfectly well placing it in its box, in my little Indian cabinet, which I locked up, and have not disturbed since." "I venture, then, to guess that it is locked up and not disturbed yet, and that you have been dreaming of lost dreams last night, under the influence of nervousness which you must have got from that murder." She took half of the door of the cabinet as she spoke and gave it a slight pull. To the surprise of both it came readily open. "You have forgotten to lock it!" she cried. "Look here!" he answered, excitedly. "Don't you see that the catch of the lock is broken? And there lies the box that held my breastpin. It is empty." She stood looking at him with a surprise that rapidly became alarm. Had any inmate of her house then committed such a crime? No, that was impossible. There were none beside her young children, and one servant. This servant had lived with them for years, and they had the most complete confidence in her honesty.

"In fact, I would as soon think of doubting myself as of suspecting Betsy," said the sister. "Some robber must have entered the house. But why is a burglar known only taken? What would a burglar know about it? One would think he would have stripped the house."

"Wherever it was, he either knew where I kept my brooch, or entered my room and attacked the cabinet first as a promising point."

"How could he have got here? There has not been a door or window disturbed in the house."

"Have you observed any suspicious person about within a week?"

"No."

"Perhaps some of the rest may have. Betsy is the only one who is all her time about the house. Call her here, and let us question her. But say nothing about our object."

"Why not?"

"She is a little excitable, as you know. I want her to have her wife about her. Mrs. Thornton went to the head of the stairs and called loudly for Betsy. Robert, too, left the room, and stood anxiously leaning on the balustrade, awaiting the appearance of the servant."

Betsy came heavily up the stairs, in response to the summons. She was a middle-aged woman, hard featured, yet with an open expression of countenance. She stopped on the landing at the head of the stairs, confronting them with an inquiring look.

"I wish to ask you a question or two, Betsy," said Mrs. Thornton.

Well, ma'am, she replied. "Only don't be long, for my work is waiting."

"Have you noticed any strange person about the house during the last week?"

"Strangers about the house? No, ma'am. I don't mean to say there's been a thief in the house, and your diamond stolen? What will become of us all? Where's the police? Let us call the police!"

"Hold your tongue, woman," said Robert sternly. "You will do more harm than good if you go on in this way. You have lost nothing."

"Maybe I have. Maybe my trunk's ransacked," she cried, excitedly, leaning off with all speed to her room, to take an inventory of her possible losses.

"I know she would lose her wits," he said.

"It will be only for a few minutes. She will be cool-headed enough after the first excitement wears off. But what did you learn? Anything of importance?"

"Yes. The barkeeper knew this man. He had been in their place before, was very disreputable, and his only apparent means of livelihood was the fiddle, on which he was said to be a good performer."

"Is that all he knew?"

"He knows the haunts of one or two of the man's associates, and has promised to take up the matter for him. He does not know his name, but he goes among his town companions by the nickname of 'Tricky'."

"Don't depend then, Robert, on this whisky dealer. See the police at once. The man may be well known to them. And if not, they can best follow up the clue you have found."

"You are right, Lizzie," he replied, decidedly. "I will do as you say. Don't wait dinner for me. I must go back to Glendale as soon as possible. My presence may be needed there."

After some further conversation, in which he still centered from his sister the facts concerning the jewel, he left the house for the purposes mentioned.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF MURDER.

The excitement at Glendale continued unabated. It spread, in fact, with great rapidity, over the surrounding country, and throughout the village that lay near. Curious and sympathizing people gathered in considerable numbers about and in the house, and the greatest activity was manifested to learn every detail of the murder, and to see the corpse. The latter desire Louis firmly resisted, declaring that the room should not be opened until the arrival of the police.

By the first train from the city another person appeared upon the scene, a person recognized immediately as Mr. Henry Ogden, the nephew of the deceased.

He looked with surprise and alarm on the unusual and excited multitude, who stood conversing in low tones and with anxious aspect, at all points about the house.

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They finally returned nearly together, having gained information that added largely to their reasons for doubting the fiddle.

Betsy had learned from her fellow servant, that the latter had been questioned concerning Mrs. Thornton's house. She had answered one or two of the man's questions, principally as to who lived there. He had spoken of knowing Mr. Merivale, but not till after she had mentioned the name. She had asked him what he wanted, but he turned off with a laugh, saying that he had once known the family, in his younger days, and that he still felt an interest in them.

She had seen him in the street about a week ago, some evening, without his fiddle. There was a light in Mr. Merivale's room, and the old fellow had stopped and looked up into the open window.

"I recollect," said Robert, "I was going to go out. I did not return home that night till after twelve. The fellow must have ventured into the house that very evening. Do you recollect what you were all doing?"

"I think I was out visiting a neighbor for an hour or two," replied his sister. "I was home the rest of the time."

"Did you go out alone?"

"No, Mary was with me. I did not go out till after eight, and the younger children were in bed before that hour."

"And where were you, Betsy?"

"In the kitchen, I suppose."

"There was then an opening for a daring thief to do all that has been done. He may have watched us going out, and knowing where my room was has ventured in, hoping to find the way clear."

"But what could he have known about the brooch?"

"The breakfast," cried Betsy, in a frightened tone. "Mercy on us, you don't mean to say there's been a thief in the house, and your diamond stolen? What will become of us all? Where's the police? Let us call the police!"

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by the persistent crossing of the man we have described.

"Will you keep back, my friend?" he said, at length. "You can hear what I say without quite getting your ear in my face."

"Don't want to trouble you," replied the man. "Only I was curious to know about it, and my hearing ain't just the best. Hope there's no offense."

"And I hope that you are satisfied. You know all I have got to tell, and there is no use in crowding."

"Let us see the body, Louis," said the nephew. "I know that it will be a terrible sight, from what you have told me. But I must control my feelings."

"I would rather have you wait a little while, sir, until the police arrive. I do not wish to open the room except in the presence of an officer."

"Why not? No one need enter except you and me."

"I might be difficult to keep them out. Besides, there may be indications which we would destroy without knowing, but which might be very important in the eyes of a detective."

"I don't think that is likely. There was a number of you in there last night."

"And who knows what mischief was done? You will excuse me, Mr. Ogden, but I feel it my duty to wait until an officer arrives."

"Oh, well, if you are anxious about it, though I can't see that harm we would do," replied Mr. Ogden, rather discontentedly.

"It will only be a few minutes. I expect one out by an early train."

The short individual, with a smirking expression upon his face, left the room. Outside the house he joined another man who was strolling about the grounds.

The latter was dressed more genteelly, and was a finely formed, stalwart man, with a resolute countenance.

"That servant is a wise fellow," said the short man. "He is bound that no one shall enter the room till the officer comes. Not even the dead man's nephew."

"He has good sense, that's a fact," said the other. "Marry a pretty piece of evidence has been destroyed by a gaping crowd."

"Come this way, Tom. There is a story of a murderer landing in a boat, and of a fight between him and a man who happened to be hanging about the house. Let us take a look at the place."

They walked briskly to the river shore. None of the people had found their way as yet in that direction, and such indications as might be seen of the place before, had been destroyed by tramping feet.

They closely examined the sloping bank. It was composed of hardened mud, thinly grown over with grass, its lower portion being somewhat softened by the action of the tidal water.

"Here are the marks, sure enough," cried the short man. "There has been a boat here the last high tide, and it has been run sharp on the bank. See where the bow has left its shape in the mud."

"And here are foot-prints in the bank. There has been a foot struck hard there, just below the water mark. Here it is, and what do you think of it? Here he has stepped a little to one side."

"I think not," replied the other, leaning over the bank and closely examining the marks. "No, Tom, there have been two men. That is a different foot. They seem to have both landed from the boat, by the direction of the marks. And the foot turned out, on the top of the bank, as if a man had jumped into the boat. Have you your gun?"

"Yes," said Tom, handing him the article asked for.

The other measured the footprints with the greatest care. The first two mentioned were clearly defined in the bank, and the third sufficiently so to get its dimensions pretty accurately. There were other less plainly defined marks.

"Well," asked Tom, as his companion rose to his feet.

"You still do. You took down the measure."

"Yes."

"It is plain there have been two men."

"Yes, one of the feet is of a different size from the others. There is something peculiar in that foot mark."

"That's what I think. The figure has been carved like a snake. I wish we could get an impression of it."

"I think I can manage it."

"How?"

"I have a paper of Plaster of Paris in my pocket. If we can get a plaster cast now."

"We can try. Let me have it."

He stepped carefully down to the beach, where the low tide was just lapping, and cautiously poured the white powder into the cavity.

Then taking a leather cup from his pocket, he quickly poured several cupfuls of water upon it. The plaster drank in the water with avidity, and in a minute had set into a hard mass. Waiting a short time for it to cool, he carefully drew it from the soft bank, a close copy of the figure head of the boat. It represented, as it were, a serpent's head, with wings curved, so far as could be judged from the rough impression.

"What next?" asked Tom. "We have done pretty well here."

"I don't quite understand this mark," replied the other, pointing to a depression in the bank, so small and insignificant as to be scarcely noticeable. He had only noticed it from seeing the bent and broken blades of grass, which scantly covered it.

"It may be a natural depression."

"No. It has been made by the fall of a heavy body. See this broken weed. The leaves are still fresh on it."

"There is talk of a struggle and a man being knocked from the boat. Something of the kind has happened, for that is the mark of a man falling backwards on the bank. Come, Tom, we have got to the bottom of it. Let us go to the house."

They slowly proceeded thither, the one called Tom wrapping up the plaster cast in a newspaper as they went.

"How will we get rid of that gaping hole?" he asked.

"Send them to the bank."

The engaged upon, a few skilfully applied words, telling of the marks found upon the river bank, started the people in that direction, and the movement thither quickly extended to nearly all the persons present.

Louis and Mr. Ogden were standing in the main hall conversing, when the two strangers entered, the short man at a distance behind his companion.

The latter walked briskly up to them. The hall was, for the moment, empty of persons, save those mentioned, and Mrs. Montague, who stood at the foot of the stairs.

"Who has charge here?" he asked of Mr. Ogden.

The latter pointed to Louis.

"Just show me the room where this murder happened," the stranger continued, handing Louis his card.

It read as follows:

"Thomas Wayland,
Special Detective Officer."

"Certainly, sir," Louis briskly replied. "Follow me, if you please. And you also, Mr. Ogden."

They proceeded together up-stairs, followed by Mrs. Montague, and, at some distance, by the short stranger.

As Louis unlocked the door, this person pressed closely up, with staring eyes and open mouth, as if inspired with a burning curiosity.

"Keep back, my men," the servant sharply cried. "We do not want your staring eyes and blundering feet in here."

"Oh, let him alone, I will see he does no harm, and I want some one to hold my bundle," said the officer, extending to the apparent countryman the paper containing the plaster cast.

"Thank you, sir," the man answered. "I just want to see, and I'll do no harm."

The room was opened and the detective stepped carefully in, motioning to the others, who were pressing to enter him, to stop in the doorway.

The room was precisely as it had been left the previous evening, with the exception that the centre was occupied by a shapless mass, under the folds of a white blanket, which the careful servant had laid over the body of his master.

All eyes were turned upon the vague outlines, where the depression in the blanket marked the lines of the figure beneath, the dreadful suggestion of those outlines being, to some present, harder to endure than would the full vision of the corpse.

A mystery full of horrible significance was hidden in the shapless mass that lay before them.

The detective, however, gave but a cursory glance at this object, his eyes roving rapidly from point to point of the room, and finally becoming fixed on certain marks on the floor.

"Do you know how these marks were made?" he asked of Louis.

"Yes, I noticed that Mr. Merivale's boots were muddy when he came into the room last night."

"Merivale? Is that the man that is said to have grappled with the murderer?"

"So he told us. And these are his boot marks."

The other stooped down and carefully measured them, making a memorandum of the dimensions.

He examined the carpet carefully for any other marks of a similar kind, but failed to find any.

"Where was the first to enter the room?" he asked of Louis.

"Yes, except Mr. Merivale."

"Merivale again. Who is this Merivale? But first, is everything as you found it?"

"Yes, sir. That chair was overturned as you see it. I saw no other signs of disturbance."

"Come in," he replied, "and look the door. We may have intruders annoying us."

They did as directed, taking various positions in the room, the short man stationing himself near the window, where he stood with his eyes fixed intently about, but resting on the faces of the different persons present more than on any material object in the room. He seemed to be a rustic student of human nature from his close observation of their expressions.

"I have but a vague idea of this business," said Mr. Wayland. "I would like to see the body, and to hear the account of the whole affair, and particularly of this Mr. Merivale's connection with it."

Louis proceeded to do so, at great length, and with several interruptions and corrections from Mrs. Montague. As he proceeded the apparent rustic's face grew more and more interested, though he favored others, particularly Mr. Ogden, with occasional glances.

The latter person seemed somewhat excited by the narrative. His face flushed, he breathed quickly, and gave other signs of inward emotion, probably indignation arising from the story of the detective's discovery of the handkerchief and jewel.

"Yes," said Louis, advancing and removing the blanket from the corpse.

All eyes instantly fell upon the figure which lay so closely covered. All eyes, with the exception of his who seemed so curious of all, were directed to the corpse. The rustic stood gazing, as in a brown study, on the face of Mr. Henry Ogden. There seemed no special reason for this scrutiny. The nephew grew deadly pale and trembled visibly, on first seeing the dead body of his uncle.

Those were natural signs of emotion, and did not seem to call for the stranger's close attention.

We will not detail all the particulars of the examination. The positions in which the articles were found were marked, the appearance of the body and character of the room carefully examined, and the detective aspect of every article in the room closely noted.

Mr. Wayland placed the handkerchief and jewel in his pocket, for closer examination, and asked to see the fragment of a will that had been recovered from the hands of the murderer.

He read it aloud, commenting upon it as he did so.

"It seems to have been his intention to make some unknown person a partial or complete legacy, his nephew becoming heir in a certain event not very clearly defined here. Is this nephew present?"

"Yes," said Louis. "This gentleman is Mr. Henry Ogden."

"This recovery of part of the will is important to you," said the detective. "It will give you a claim upon the estate which the complete document might have negated."

"Very true," replied the nephew. "though I hope the last portion may be recovered. To inherit my poor uncle's estate, perhaps against his intention, and through such a means as this dreadful occurrence, will make my heirship most unpleasant."

"It is strange how so important a document can thus come into the murderer's hands. Where did Mr. Ogden keep his papers?"

"In this drawer," said Louis, throwing open an inner drawer of a small book-case. "All his important papers were kept locked. It is now unlocked, as you may see, and there is no sign of its contents being disturbed."

"That is true," said the officer. "Mr. Ogden must himself have taken it out. It is impossible just now to tell whether the murderer obtained it by accident or design."

He continued the investigation, finding the key to the drawer in the vest pocket of the corpse. He had unlocked it himself then. Robbery had been no object of the murderer. Nothing was disturbed about the room, and the watch and pocket-book of Mr. Ogden had not been touched.

"Looks a bit like as if somebody wanted the will,—now don't it?" said the rustic, in a drawing tone. The nephew started at this question, and looked searchingly at the speaker.

"Nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Montague, sharply. "The whole business is so plain that an owl might see it. There is a man here who quarrels violently with Mr. Ogden in the evening, threatens him with killing, pretends to leave the place, but is seen hours after lurking in the grounds. What do we find in the room but this man's handkerchief? What do we find in the fingers of the murdered man but this man's breastpin? no doubt torn from him in the fatal struggle? He is in the room almost as soon as we, with a dashed up story of a fight with the murderer, and his clothes muddled to suit. This will be but a part of the story. It has been torn and the balance of it destroyed to add an air of probability to the story. I tell you, gentlemen, there is no mystery and no doubt about the affair."

placed himself in a reclining attitude upon a couch, and seemed at once to become abstracted in the contents of a book which he had taken up.

Cleveland Dysart never in his life before felt what it was to be utterly baffled. He was now. He had acted with a cunning astuteness, regardless of the cost, to make himself master of a situation in which he would be the hero triumphant in his revenge, and in the accomplishment of even more than the aim to which he had devoted himself; but he found himself the absolute victim of his own plots, and a feeling of malignant rage took possession of him.

He glanced at the inner room, he turned his burning eyes upon the pale, classic, beautiful face of Lady Hastingsleigh, and he chafed inwardly with the feelings of a caged tiger—chafed because he felt how potent was the spell of her beauty over his still.

Again he was moved by a desire to quit her presence at once, for he could not see a prospect of the meeting, under the present circumstances, turning out to his advantage—another better arranged interview might be forced to a very different ending; therefore, acting on his impulse, he made a movement toward his hat, which she detected, and with an irony that stung him to the quick, said—

"Gladly he was not to be a failing of Mr. Dysart's."

His coming seemed sharply.

"I fear nothing," he exclaimed, with an angry emphasis.

"Then let us proceed with the task before us," she exclaimed, in an elevated tone.

"Until the bitter end," she exclaimed, with a tone devoid of acrimony, but full of energetic decision.

He waited for an instant for her to speak, and she comprehended his silence, for she presently said—

"You sought me, having secured the means of an audience, with what purpose did you seek me?"

"It is changed—gone—faded, nay, now I feel so bewildered, I scarce know how to answer you," he replied, in an undertone, and with evident difficulty.

"I can see, with my eyes, that I am in an undertone, and with evident difficulty."

"I frankly admit, to place you in my power. To woo you, to entice you by all the entreaties and pleadings of which I might have proved myself master, and failing that, to compel you to accompany me to another quarter of the globe."

"I have miserably failed: I am in your power—yours, Elinore, for you are still the light of my life, the star of my soul, the aspiration of a life which, without you, will be a void, a blank—a purposeless nothing. As I stand now before you, I feel as I felt when you were mine—mine own—when you acknowledged that you reciprocated the love I bore you, and no shadow stood between us but our love."

"You admit that then no shadow stood between us?" she said, quickly, and without a trace of the emotion that seemed to affect him.

He regarded her with some surprise.

"There did not, that I know of," he replied, with a slight hesitation.

"I knew not Hastingsleigh then," she pursued.

"No; to my cost I know that," he returned, readily and reproachfully.

"It seemed that an adverse destiny summoned me to Ireland to give you this opportunity, the penalty of grasping which you have paid."

"I have paid it," she repeated, emphatically.

"We did not correspond after you quitted England for Ireland?" she added, interrogatively.

"We did not," he replied, sarcastically.

"I looked, yearning, for signs for one line, but not one came, not one."

"Nor did we meet again," she urged, solicitously.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Have on that night in the Hermit's Dell," he rejoined.

"Above the Stepping-Stones," in crossing which, after the abrupt termination of our interview, I was informed you perished."

"It was a coiled line, circulated by the woman who was the nurse to my—my child," rejoined the viscountess, for the first time betraying symptoms of agitated emotion. "I fled at sight of my injured husband—"

"Injured!" he cried, with a bitter laugh; "not by me. I never injured him; for, false woman, you well know I saw you not from our parting prior to your engagement to him, save for those brief moments when, in your arms, as you said, to bid me farewell forever."

"Forever!" she exclaimed, with intense energy; then she added, with a rapid articulation, "Nor had I injured my husband, even in thought; yet it was an injury to his honor, unreflectingly committed by me out of a desire for my own imagined you had suffered on my account."

"Imagined I had suffered," he repeated, passionately. "What you must have known I suffered."

"Hear me out," she interposed, with an imperious wave of her hand, and a resumption of her resolute, cold dignity. "I wished to add that the instant the voice of my husband in that terrible moment fell upon my ears, and the bright lightning revealed to me his ashen face, it flashed through my mind that I had constructed—but Heaven knows how innocently—wounded his dignity, and his honor by my clandestine proceeding. I fled like a maddened, guilty creature. What followed I know not, for the first lucid effort of my mind revealed to me that I was a prisoner in the custody of a wretched, hard-hearted old woman, in a miserable hut, and had been detained there for years. I was the victim of the machinations of a revengeful woman, who poured her rancorous resentment, inspired, though not by me, with too sad a cause. I concealed the restoration of my reason in order that I might ascertain what had occurred during my living and absent, but of course I could obtain no tidings, and feared—"

She paused.

"Oh, Lady Hastingsleigh," he appended, with undignified hesitancy, although he laughed, "your sympathy would have suffered no violent shock if it was known all. I received your husband's bullet, but not in a vital part, as you perceive. All it did was to keep me stretched upon the dark grass, wet with the rain and my blood, for some hours. I crawled to a cottage, where I lay concealed until I had strength to be moved, and then I was for a lengthened period—it matters little to you now how long—on the threshold of a death which would have been welcome to me. But I was not to die—even when I felt that I had nothing in the world to live for, because, as I have said, I had been told that you perished that night in an attempt to rescue the Stepping-Stones. So when my physical strength was restored to me, I set out for India, and tried to fling my life away in many a battle-field. Still, death was not for me; I was preserved for a purpose, Elinore—to return to you—and I am here."

She closed her eyes for a moment, and a pale, gray tint passed over her white features, as though inwardly she was suffering severely from a struggle between contending emotions.

He observed it, and a renewed hope that his influence over her had not wholly vanished sprang up in his mind.

"Here," he repeated, in a lower tone, "to reveal to you that purpose for which I believe that I have been preserved and brought back to you. The love I bore you I thought I had transferred to your counterpart. One look on your countenance has dispelled that illusion. My love for you has revived with a tenfold fervor, and I feel that you are dearer to me than you ever were, and I entreat you to permit me to prove it."

"Your feigned death," he proceeded, rapidly, "has never been contradicted to the world. To the world, therefore, you are dead—to him to whom you were united by the conventional bonds of wedlock you are dead."

"No," she interposed, almost vehemently.

"Worse than dead, for you are parted, never to be reunited. In his eyes you are a tainted, guilty thing."

"Most undesirably," she interposed.

"Most unjustly, I admit," he responded; "but you are here, unrecognized, unknown, dead to the world. Leave this country forever. I will be to you—"

"Stay," she interrupted, in the strange, cold, haughty, imperious way in which she had twice or thrice before addressed him.

"Most undesirably, I admit," he responded; "but you are here, unrecognized, unknown, dead to the world. Leave this country forever. I will be to you—"

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"All ended," he ejaculated. "It comes in earnest to-day."

CHAPTER XXXIV.
THE END OF THE LINE.
If the handwriting of Elinore had looked charming in the eyes of Gordon Athol, his firm, educated, elegant penmanship appeared inexpressibly lovely in hers. "To Elinore," were the only words on the subscription; but they afforded her a long and delightful contemplation, especially as they furnished her only with the most speculative notion of the communication within.

That it embraced gentle, tender, noble thoughts, couched in graceful language, she was sure; but the exact sentiments, however, were yet to be revealed. What were they? Did he accept, as she had done, the inevitable? Were they words of leave-taking in the world of the poet—

"Fare thee well, and if forever—still forever fare thee well!" They would not be less fond, less wishful for her happiness, if framed in less poetical language.

"I will," she interposed, almost vehemently.

"Worse than dead, for you are parted, never to be reunited. In his eyes you are a tainted, guilty thing."

"Most undesirably," she interposed.

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The day was warm but very windy, and just as the woman turned up a long, narrow street her eyes fell upon a ready-made clothes shop, at the door of which were a number of gaudy clocks, and a sign which read "ready-made clothes." With a rapidity which surprised the worthy shopkeeper, he purchased one, and a cap, leaving his hat until his return, and, thus disguised, followed at a distance the steps of the attendant.

She was not the most active person in the world, and was thus easily kept in view until she reached an out-of-the-way part of the town quite unknown to the young man. Here she paused, and looked behind. Cecil, at the moment, fortunately for him, looking up at the name of the street.

She saw a youth of an appearance by no means suspicious, and went on; this time, down a road lined by high trees, behind one of which it was quite easy for Cecil Mordant, at any moment, completely to hide himself.

Presently she halted before a handsome but old-fashioned house with a large garden, surrounded by high walls overgrown by ivy. Once more she paused, and looked behind. Cecil, at the moment, fortunately for him, looking up at the name of the street.

Her glance, however, appeared to scan the road only from habit, for the next instant she rang sharply. After about a minute a small grating was opened, and a face peered through. Not a word was spoken, the door moved on its hinges, and she was admitted.

"Good, with a sigh, seated herself on a low bench opposite, deeply overhung with ivy, and quite in the shade of a huge elm, the branches of which projected into the garden near which he had stationed himself.

Scarcely had he done so, when his face fell into his hands, and he murmured deeply. Behind those cruel walls, imprisoned as in a prison, doubtless, was she of the beautiful looks, and bright eyes, and angelic form, who had gained such an abiding place in his heart.

And he dared not venture to do that which a domestic had done. Truly there was a halo round an English man's house that did defend it as with a wall of brass.

Still, he was determined to have no thought of giving up; he would have patience, and, if it cost him years, overcome the obstinate resistance of the cruel father. As these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, the sound of numerous horses was heard coming from the end of the street.

Anxious not to be seen, the young man drew himself up on the seat under the ivy, his head almost touching the branches of the huge elm, and thus waited.

A low exclamation escaped him next minute, for foremost in a group of several personages came the bright vision of the girl herself, beaming with beauty, and health, and youth.

She rode such exquisite grace which belonged to her actions, her countenance animated by a glow of excitement. The lover's eye, however, seemed somehow to detect in the expression of her countenance something sad, or, at all events, thoughtful.

Her companion was a lady of great beauty and mature charms. To all appearance, about five and twenty.

Behind them rode Mr. Meriton and a man somewhat older and darker, with the beard of an Oriental character, whose black and roving eyes appeared to indicate one whose passions, when roused, were both violent and strong. At all events, he did not look a man to be trifled with lightly.

Maud rode rein at the door, and as she did so a groom rode up and took her horse, from which she alighted with a grace that made the lovers' hearts beat. How glad would he have been to have had the privilege of assisting her to descend!

All did the same, the door opened of itself, and then the groom led away the horses.

Cecil Mordant was alone in the solitary street, the brief disturbance of its quietude appearing to him like a dream.

For some time he remained bewildered by the multiplicity and variety of his thoughts. They flitted before him in a perfect jumble, while his heart beat wildly and fiercely.

At all events, he had discovered her retreat, but that was little. Who and what was she? This was the question he continually asked himself. He was well aware that no one knew anything whatever of this Mr. Meriton, nor could people, baronetage, or Court Glaisde afford him any clue.

This was the more annoying that he knew this was a stumbling block in his way not easily to be got over. His father was one of the proudest and haughtiest of men, having more than once, in his presence, rebuffed against ill-assorted and degrading marriages.

But youth is not to be cast down, even by such difficulties as these, and when he left his post it was rather rejoicing than otherwise.

He did not return, but, going up to the end of the road, found the house occupied by the Meritons, was the last, having a back garden that ended in some fields not wholly closed to the public.

This was pretty well for one day, and as he did not wish, by a very long absence, to provoke any lengthy explanations, he returned in the direction of his home, first leaving his key and lower coat in the care of the shopkeeper, affirming that it would be convenient to put them on there for a stroll on the hills.

It was two o'clock when he sauntered into his mother's apartments, where he found Captain Arundell, his father, and one or two acquaintances at luncheon. The young man entered, beaming with some inner feeling that gave him the appearance of having improved in health from his long walk.

"You look quite blooming, Cecil," said his mother, laughing.

"The doctor gave me a breather," he replied, and turning to Captain Arundell, changed the subject.

When, shortly after, the two officers went out together, Cecil Mordant made no remark on the subject nearest his heart. There was something delightful in the mystery which surrounded her whole being—in the secrecy with which he felt it necessary to wrap his whole proceedings.

To the other he seemed to have dismissed the girl from his mind—to have even forgotten his romantic Tredclief adventure. But the mistake was almost a fatal one, and had serious consequences in the future.

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Several times she had been close upon his track, once or twice she had tried even to address him. But he had always refused an interview, and strenuously ignored her.

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In England if a man be rich and sullen, he has ample opportunity to satisfy his taste for solitude; for not even the police have anything to say to him here.

Society stares at him, but as no well-bred person in any station of life ever strives to force an acquaintance, he is quite able to carry out his own theory of abstraction, from mankind.

But there it one peculiarity man pays for these old views of life—he becomes notorious; so that when men spoke of Mr. Hubert Mordant, of Tredclief Manor, speculations of all kinds were freely indulged in.

Society said he was mad, as indeed any one must be who voluntarily separates himself from all his kind, and becomes to all intents and purposes as useless as a hermit crab.

He never smiled; his face was pale, his eyes seemed to look inward, and at one time he had declared that he lived only in memory of some great crime—some heavy remorse, or some deep sorrow.

And this was the man to write a secret from whom the Signorina della Rocca had come down to Brighton.

She began by a letter, sent by post, which was at once brought back—refused.

This was a profound and bitter mortification to the signorina, whose letter had been opened. She knew perfectly well how to violate the English postal system; but still, a portion of her secret was at the mercy of some young clerk in the office.

This rebuff set her thinking. A personal interview was of all things that which she wished now to avoid; this was, in fact, a thing too horrible to contemplate. And, yet, if she could know the truth, if her secret was to be revealed, the only comfort for which she cared in life, it must come to this.

The master of Tredclief was well known to be passionately fond of music, and the *prima donna* had, at last, to resort to the faint hope that if her house were thrown open, he might be tempted to visit her.

With great *reluctance* she had it announced that the Signorina Lucilla della Rocca intended to give one evening, or rather at home, at which all her friends were welcome. He might take this bait and come.

She little thought how marvellous Heaven was to be her—how, by strange and tortuous means, this idea was to bring about ends she had never ceased to wish for, though she had long ceased to hope for.

It was on the day before the dinner party at the baronet's that the *prima donna* gave her master a card, and one of those who did not so early as Captain Arundell.

He had met the glorious singer abroad and much esteemed her. In fact, they were exceedingly intimate.

About a quarter of an hour after he had left her, he came across Cecil Mordant, returning from a stroll to the neighborhood of the residence which contained his beloved.

"One never sees you now," said the gallant captain. "Where do you hide yourself?" "I don't hide. I ride about—I walk."

"Alone, my friend, which is not good for your health or morals. But this evening I want you to meet me, so that you may see the most bewitching woman, the most lovely singer in creation."

She had made the tour of the continent had sung in Italy, Germany and Russia, in every musical capital save Paris, where nothing is appreciated that is not national, and where an Italian Opera exists merely on sufferance.

She was never in finer voice, never more beautiful.

During the sixteen years she had been before the public not a breath of calumny had fallen upon her name. She was accompanied everywhere by the Signor della Rocca, and a grim old English domestic, grown very aged in her service.

And now, just in the very height of the London season, and a week before her own appearance at the opera, she had come down to stay at Brighton for a few days.

It may be readily understood, by those to whom Lucilla's double life was no secret, that she had some motive in this action. The truth was, she was ever as it were in the pursuit of a phantom. She had given up a lucrative engagement in England to go on the continent, because she had been told Hubert Mordant was there. Hubert Mordant, whom she believed to be the abductor of her child.

Several times she had been close upon his track, once or twice she had tried even to address him. But he had always refused an interview, and strenuously ignored her.

He was now, after a very long absence, known to be in Brighton, still leading the same strange, misanthropic life which had gained him all over Europe something of the reputation which secured him French and German novelist's ascription to Lord Byron.

He was regarded as a sort of vampire, or, at least, a more selfish kind of hermit. He lived richly, but in total retirement; he had no friends, associated with nobody. But his house was magnificent, his equities splendid, and the appointments of his apartments of the most luxurious character.

He had been preceded to Brighton by a kind of steward or factotum, a man of saturnine habits, great secretiveness and utterly impenetrable. In fact, he appeared to have the character of what he looked an Asiatic. Nothing was to be got out of him. He secured a house which was as far separate from all others as it could be, furnished it, took possession of stables, and then his master came down.

His household was small, as he lived almost entirely alone, his steward, already alluded to, was really an Irishman, brought up in France, who spoke a dozen languages, a valet, two housemaids, who were forbidden to speak to, even to see him; and an Italian cook. To this may be added a page, with a pale Oriental face, who had the misfortune to be dumb, though not deaf.

This boy, too, appeared of Eastern origin, to judge from his excessive submissiveness, subdued manner, and watchful care of his master. They appeared to understand one another perfectly, though communicating only by the language of signs.

A glance at times was enough; the domestic would indeed often stare with his prize to see how readily the boy Hafez obeyed a look.

substance: even if I can elude the savages, I will in all probability die of starvation or thirst before I can reach the white settlements. And my friend is still in their hands, doomed to suffer the terrible torture of death at the stake. Poor George! shall I leave him to his fate? No, no—and yet, what else can I do? To attempt to rescue him now would be utter madness. Alas! the brave boy must die—and I—why did I try to escape, only to prolong my own tortures? Lonia—beautiful, lost Lonia, I will never give up until I find her, or at least learn the manner of her death.

Thus communing with his own thoughts, Darrell came to his feet, and looked and listened intently to discover if any of the Indians were in pursuit. No one was to be seen, although he could still hear them howling through the forest.

"I cannot to border life as I am, it seems I have outlived the Canamachee," he said. "Now Heaven direct my steps, for I know not what way to go."

There was a narrow strip of timber skirting the stream, but Darrell soon made his way through this, and found himself at the edge of a level and apparently boundless plain: as far as the eye could reach there was nothing to break the monotony of the vast, sandy desert, except in places a clump of miserable, stunted sage-brush.

"The prospect looks gloomy enough," thought Darrell, "but I shall go forward. Come what will, I cannot die but once, nor suffer greater torture than that from which I have just escaped—and which my friend and the girl—Heaven help them—must endure."

The young man started resolutely across the vast expanse. His limbs were weary and his heart was sick, but, in spite of all this, he walked swiftly forward for more than an hour. At last his strength began to desert him, his frame, though young and strong, was not inured to such hardships as it had lately passed through; his limbs trembled beneath him, and to save himself from falling he was obliged to recline in the welcome shade afforded by a bunch of sage-brush. The sun was sinking in the western heavens, although his beams were still uncomfortably warm; a few hours longer and darkness would fall over the dreary solitudes.

"Oh, God!" moaned Darrell, "must I die so soon—die alone in the desert—no one near to bear the news of my untimely fate to my friends?—no one to tell my beautiful Lonia—where she is? Ah, if I could only know that she is safe, I could die in peace."

"Talk not of dyin', young man," said a gruff voice.

Darrell sprang to his feet, electrified with the life at the sound of a white man's voice.

Standing before him, regarding him with a kindly smile on his bronzed and bearded face, was a man of about fifty years of age, whose dress and manner proclaimed him to be a hunter and scout. In his hand he held a long, glittering rifle, and his belt was profusely adorned with pistols and knives. His face was peculiarly frank and pleasing in expression, although his features were not handsome.

"I heard you say 'suthin' about dyin'," he remarked again.

"Well, I am not far from death's door, I believe," remarked Darrell, with a faint smile.

"You seem to be poorly near played out, that's a fact, but you're not goin' to die—that is, if I can help it. Will you tell me who you are, youngster?"

"My name is Walter Darrell. I have just escaped from the hands of the Indians, but my rifle failed me, and I lay down here to die."

"You're tired out and starved together—that's all. Here, eat this bit of dried antelope—that will bring you around in a hurry," said the old hunter, producing a piece of meat from a wallet which he carried at his belt, and handed it to the young man. He ate eagerly, and immediately felt much revived.

"I knew that would do the business," remarked the stranger, smiling.

"Will you tell me your name, my kind friend?" asked Darrell.

"Sartin, my boy, I'll do that. I'm called Jack Lewis, and though I don't mean to brag, I will say that my name is pretty well known along the frontier."

"Lewis?" said Darrell, eagerly. "Have you a daughter—a young and beautiful girl?"

The hunter's face grew dark at this question.

"Well," he said, huskily, "I had a daughter—as pretty a young critter as ever lived; but whether or not she is livin' now is more than I can tell. You see I was away from my cabin to-day morning, and the Indians—Canamachee—came along, and I call 'em—came along and carried off my little girl away. Poor Myra! I shall never find her—but, stranger, I'm goin' to rescue her or die."

"Mr. Lewis, I left your daughter scarcely two hours ago in the village of the Canamachee."

"Ha!" exclaimed the old hunter, intensely excited. "But I was sure of it—I knewed the trail of the second rider. What was the brutes goin' to do with my daughter?"

"I left her bound to the stake," replied Darrell.

"Oh God! then she is burnt to death by this time!" groaned the miserable father.

"I think not," answered Darrell, touched by the old man's grief. "I think they intended your daughter no immediate harm, for I heard the medicine-man declare that she should be his wife."

"The medicine-man! A white man, and the biggest devil running nighing. I would rather see my girl dead than in his power. But why was she bound to the stake, if they didn't intend to burn her?"

Darrell explained as briefly as possible the manner of his own escape, and the situation in which he had left his friend, explaining to the indignant hunter that his daughter was only to be a witness of George Stanhope's awful death.

"The furies!" growled Lewis. "Young man, I reckon you're willin' to help rescue your friend and my girl from the hands of the Canamachee?"

"Willing? God knows I will do all in my power, even if I lose my life in the attempt. If you will go with me, I will guide you at once to the Indian village."

"I'll go with you, stranger, with all my heart, but I rather think we couldn't do much alone against the whole tribe of Canamachee. We must get some help."

"But where shall we look for aid? Time is precious—before an hour my friend will, in all probability, be past the reach of earthly help."

the valley, a few steps distant from the spot where their masters were seated. Darrell uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy at this welcome sight.

"Are those all white men—friends?" he asked, eagerly.

"Wall, you may bet they are," replied the old hunter. "They are Captain Carrol's Rangers, and their very name is a terror to the red-skins. You see, stranger, when I found my girl was gone, I started right away after her, and had the good luck to come across the rangers, who at once volunteered to help me rescue her. We followed the trail till we came in sight of the Canamachee village, where we knewed the girl was; but we concluded to wait till the night afore we made the attack, so that we might give the Indians a little surprise, but if we'd save that poor fellow from bein' roasted alive, we must mount and on to the village right away."

"Yes—there is not a moment to lose," said Darrell, excitedly. "Perhaps while we are talking here my friend is undergoing his infernal tortures. Oh, for Heaven's sake, let us make haste."

"Wall, feller me, and we'll be on our horses in three seconds."

Jack Lewis dashed forwardly down the bank of the ravine, followed closely by Walter Darrell. In a moment they were in the midst of the rangers, who were somewhat astonished at their haste.

"What's up, Lewis?" asked Captain Carrol—a tall, brawny, bearded man of forty years.

"Mount your horses, men—we must on to the Canamachee village at once," yelled Lewis. "This here feller has just escaped from thar, and he says a friend of his is about to be roasted, while my girl is tied to a stake to witness the devilish ceremony."

"Ha! is this so?" asked the leader of the rangers, turning to Darrell.

"It is only too true," answered the young man.

"Mount, boys, mount!" roared Captain Carrol. "By—well, make a scatterment in the Canamachee village, as sure as I am a living sinner."

In a moment all the men were mounted, with the exception of Walter Darrell, who cried:

"Jump on behind me," cried Jack Lewis. "My horse could carry a dozen, if there was room for them on his back. There—now take this revolver, and use it when the time comes. Now we're ready—forward, captain—now know the way—hoorah!"

The wild band of hunters and scouts started at full gallop on the bank of the ravine, and dashed across the plain with terrific speed. They crossed the stream at a convenient point, and soon came in plain sight of the Indian village.

"Great Heaven!" cried Walter Darrell. "We are too late—the fire is kindled—the smoke is ascending."

"Then we'll murder every red-skin in the village to pay for this," said Jack Lewis. "Oh, boys, on—shall that poor feller be burnt before our very eyes?"

"I see my girl," cried Walter Darrell. "Oh, God! if we had been a moment sooner, we might have saved him."

"Hoo—hoo—hoo—ah—ah—ah!" yelled Captain Carrol, rising in his stirrups and imitating the Canamachee war-whoop. "On, boys, on—we'll be in time yet—the fire is just started, and hasn't got any harm."

CHAPTER XI.
JUST IN TIME.

"If the man's shins are not scorched, I'm much mistaken," said Lewis, grimly. "Ah, he is burning to death—see he is enveloped in smoke—I can see the flash of the red lightning," cried Walter Darrell.

"Oh, God! if we had been a moment sooner, we might have saved him."

"We'll save him yet," thundered the leader of the rangers. "Where there's so much smoke there isn't much flame, and smoke will only strangle him a little. Out with your revolvers, boys, be prepared to take good aim, and kill every red-skin you can. Raise the war-whoop—well, scare some of 'em to death—charge, boys, charge—hoorah!"

The terrible yell that burst from the throats of the rangers, as they rushed down upon their enemies, might indeed have frightened to death any very sensitive being. The Canamachee knew very well by whom they were attacked, and the name of the rangers nearly caused a panic in their midst. But the stern voice of the medicine-man soon called them, and they drew up in a circle around their prisoners, resolved to fight to the death.

"Shoot them down, warriors—the prisoners of the Canamachee must not escape," yelled the medicine-man, kicking the blazing sticks closer to the feet of George Stanhope, who, placed between life and death, was likely to become death's victim, for the heat of the fire was growing ever more intense.

"Cut your way through them—shoot them down right and left, curse them—the prisoners must be saved," shouted Captain Carrol.

The battle raged fiercely for a moment; but the death-dealing revolvers of the whites were far more effective than the arrows and spears of the Indians; the red braves fell before the terrific onset of the rangers like trees before a hurricane; and those that were not killed or wounded grew panic-stricken, and fled to their wigwags, leaving the whites masters of the ground. Only the medicine-man remained by the prisoner, and he grew perfectly frantic with rage when he saw the Canamachee braves retreating.

"Ho, warriors," he howled, dancing around like a maniac, "retire to the battle—die the pale-face dogs away, or secure them for the torture. Braves of the Canamachee, are you afraid, that you turn like old women or little children? Cowards, sneaks, squaws! may the curse of the Great Spirit rest upon you!"

"Surrender, you infernal white-skinned, black-hearted medicine-man of the Canamachee, or I'll blow your head to atoms," thundered Jack Lewis, covering the renegade with his revolver.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the medicine-man. "I know you, Jack Lewis; I stole your daughter, and would have made her my wife—but now she shall be the bride of death."

Quick as thought, the villain sprang to the side of the trembling girl, and drawing a knife, raised his arm to plunge the blade to her heart; but ere his arm could descend, a hail from Lewis's revolver greeted his temple, and he fell to the ground stunned and bleeding.

"Lay there, you heap of carrion," said Lewis, leaping from his horse and spurring the medicine-man's body with his foot. Then, rushing to his daughter's side, he cut the cords that bound her to the stake, warning, huskily, "Oh, Myra, my poor little girl, your old father has found you at last."

"Oh, father!" cried the girl, and fell, almost fainting, into her father's outstretched arms.

Meanwhile Walter Darrell and several of the rangers crowded around George Stanhope. Darrell knelt the burning brand away from his friend's feet, while Captain Carrol severed the thongs which bound his limbs.

"You have had a narrow escape, young man," said the ranger.

"Narrow, indeed," replied Stanhope, "and I owe my life to you."

"Why, now it rather to your friend here, who brought us word of your perilous situation."

"Oh, Walter, do we see each other again alive and well?" cried Stanhope, grasping his friend's hands.

"We have both escaped almost by a miracle," replied Walter.

"You are not yet out of danger," said Captain Carrol. "We must be getting out of this at once. The Canamachee will soon get over their scare, and there are enough of them to gobble us up entirely. Mount your horses, boys—some of you must carry double, and we will make tracks in a hurry."

The rangers were about to comply with their leader's command, when the fallen medicine-man of the Canamachee began to revive. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and attempted to dash forward among the whites; but Captain Carrol dealt him a blow from his huge fist that quickly prostrated him once more.

"Bind him fast, men," said the ranger. "We'll take him with us till we come to a handy place, and then we'll make him stretch his neck. He's too big a devil to live any longer."

The men obeyed, and the renegade was bound hand and foot as he recovered his senses.

"Now give him to me," continued Captain Carrol, mounting his powerful steed. "The form of the medicine-man was affixed to the back of the captain's steed, and the ranger held it firmly before him. The other men, with the rescued prisoners, were soon mounted and ready to start.

"Now forward, boys, in a hurry, or the red-skins will be after us," said Captain Carrol, as he never made a practice of doing that there, will be mourning and blackened faces in the wigwags of the Canamachee for many days—we have slain several of their braves and captured their famous medicine-man, and escaped unharmed ourselves."

"Do you think to escape so easily?" demanded the medicine-man, who had now recovered from the effects of the blow dealt him by his captor.

"I don't see what's to hinder," answered the ranger.

The warriors of the Canamachee will be upon you the instant the smoke clears."

"Ha, ha! I rather think you won't be there to lead them on," laughed Carrol.

"What do you intend to do with me?" calmly inquired the renegade.

"Well, we ought to tie you to a post, and leave you in regular Canamachee fashion, but as we never make a practice of doing that, we'll string you up to the first suitable tree we find."

"Do you think you have the power to do this with the great medicine-man of the Canamachee?"

"Mister, I calculate we have a rope that will weigh the weight of a horse and more than you; and as to your being the medicine-man of the Canamachee, we don't care a darn for any such nonsense. You'll find that your pow-wow will have no effect on us. You are a miserable, thieving, murdering coward, but I have worse than the Indians themselves, and you've got to die."

"I'll invoke the aid of the Great Spirit," said the medicine-man.

"Invoke the aid of the devil whom you serve," roared the captain of the rangers, giving his prisoner no very gentle shake.

"I tell you you've got to hang, and you may as well be preparing to meet your doom, though I hope it would be useless for such a fellow as you to pray."

"You yourself should pray, for before another day passes, you and all your band shall be launched into eternity," retorted the prisoner, furiously.

"Ha, ha, ha! you will do all this," said Captain Carrol, laughing.

"The braves of the Canamachee, led by myself."

"You!" cried the ranger, savagely.

"Before another day passes, you will be where you naturally belong, and where you ought to have been long ago—in hell!"

"We shall see," said the medicine-man, calmly.

"Ay, most certainly you shall see and feel a rope around your neck; and if you don't hold your tongue, I will strangle you at once, and be rid of your dirty carcass."

"I fear you not," replied the prisoner, doggedly, "but I don't wish to waste words with you. Keep your own counsel and I will keep mine."

"Then don't let me hear another word out of you till we come to a convenient tree, where I will allow you to make a speech."

The prisoner made no reply to this; but his gray eyes gleamed like coals of fire, and his teeth ground against each other in fury. The captain of the rangers held his captive securely, while he urged his doubly-burdened steed into a swift gallop. Despite his bravado, he was apprehensive of pursuit by the Canamachee, and he knew that should the Indians arise and take the open plain, the latter would be overpowered by the vastly superior force of the former. He communicated his fears to his companions, and the whole band rode onward with increased speed. The Indian village faded from sight, and as yet there was no sign of pursuit by the Canamachee.

Night was coming rapidly on; the sun was down, and the shadows of twilight were falling over the vast plain. Jack Lewis, with his daughter seated behind him, rode to the side of Captain Carrol.

"The fates are turned," said the old hunter. "That prisoner of yours is now a prisoner himself, and he's got to hang to the first tree we come to."

Myra shuddered, as she caught the glance of the renegade's burning eyes, fixed upon her face. Love, hate, and all the terrible passions of the man's nature seemed to mingle in that look.

"Oh, why should you hang him, father?" exclaimed the girl. "Let him go, and—"

"And he'll be after us before an hour with the whole tribe of Canamachee at his back," interrupted Captain Carrol. "Miss Myra, I don't like to refuse the request of a pretty girl like yourself, but this here case has got to die. I've been wanting to get my paw on him this long while, and now that I've got him fast I shall not let him go, you may be sure."

"But it seems so much like murder," continued the girl.

"Well, I s'pose it does seem a little rough to your delicate nerves, but just think how the racial would serve us, if he had been in his power; think how he was serving that young man yonder, and how he would have served you, if your father hadn't shot him down. No, my girl, if I were you, I wouldn't open my pretty lips to plead for him."

"He deserves death, I know. He never showed mercy to others, and none should be shown him. But I wish to be spared the sight of his death."

"Don't be alarmed, young lady," said the prisoner. "You won't have the pleasure of seeing me hung just yet, I assure you. I shall live long enough to toast some of your friends, and make you my wife, my pretty one."

"You insolent dog!" thundered Captain Carrol, grasping his captive fiercely by the throat. "I told you that if you dared to open your mouth again I would strangle you, and I will, as sure as my name is Jim Carrol."

The ranger's fingers compressed the renegade's throat until the latter's face grew black.

"Release him, for Heaven's sake!" cried Myra, Lewis, turning her face away from the horrible sight.

"Don't kill him, captain," interposed the old hunter, grasping the ranger's arm. "Remember we want to hang him up where all can see."

"You are right," said the ranger, releasing his hold of the prisoner's windpipe. "To kill him now would spoil the fun, but it's a hard job to listen to his threats quietly."

The medicine-man of the Canamachee slowly recovered his breath, but his face remained livid with rage after the effects of his short strangulation had passed away.

"Curse you!" he muttered, "curse you, one and all! Oh, for an hour of liberty, to be revenged upon you for this! Bitterly shall you repent the day that you heaped these indignities upon the medicine-man of the Canamachee. I will escape you yet—I will regain my tribe—I have more influence over them than the chief himself. I will set the warriors on your trail—I will hunt you night and day—I will never give up until your scalp hangs in the wigwags of the Canamachee!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Captain Carrol. "Just talk away, my fine fellow! improve your time for you haven't many more hours to live."

The prisoner made no reply, and the journey was continued in silence for several miles. The night was clear, and the stars twinkled brightly in the heavens. The plain stretched in every direction, a level, unbroken expanse. No sound disturbed the silence of the night, save the grinding of the horses' hoofs on the dry sand.

At last the dark outlines of a grove of timber could be discerned a short distance away.

"Do you see them trees yonder?" asked Captain Carrol, giving his prisoner a shake.

"Well, what of it?" replied the medicine-man, sullenly.

"Oh, nothing; only we're going to leave you hanging there, as a testimony to Canamachee and food for the Indians. I reckon you're no objection to the arrangement."

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 50.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A daring youth last week swam across the Niagara river at the foot of the falls.

An old chap at Old City, Pa., likely to die, has burned up sixteen thousand dollars that there may be no quarrelling over his will. He had better divided it around himself.

Here is an order lately given by a young lady to her milliner: "You are to make it the bonnet plain, but at the same time sweet, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

An Indiana girl who was made dumb by an attack of measles recovered her speech suddenly on being frightened while swimming.

Johnny is just beginning to learn geography. He says the Poles live partly at one end of the globe and partly at the other.

Mr. Venis, of Hartford, fell from a third-story window the other night, and the Eastern papers speak of it as the transit of Venis.

A nephew of Greenough, the sculptor, has been arrested in Concord, N. H., for setting fire to a building. He is subject to fits of insanity, has confessed the crime, and says he did it to amuse the boys.

A scared rat took refuge in the trunk of an elephant belonging to John Hinkson's circus the other day, driving the animal nearly mad with terror, for he never had a rat in his trunk before, and he did not know how to get him out. At length he went to a tank of water, sucked his proboscis full, and ejected the saucy intruder with a snort that drove him quite through the canvas.

In a recent Ohio divorce case, the wife testified that she sold her husband to marry to change the name of Hophamner to that of De Lisle. She got the name and also a man who marked out domestic rules with a horsewhip.

New Jersey people don't say "liar"; but they do say "darn," and "liar" is the most common word used by the young men of that State.

The editor of the Quincy Florida Journal after stating that there are twelve millions of fleas to the square acre in that place, calmly adds that "life is a mere dream." This is an anomalous condition of affairs, to say the least.

Jealous lovers in Omaha, when their adored one is being married to another fellow, vent their passion by sneaking in the back door and kicking the brides out of the wedding cake.

As two drunken butchers were to get into their shop in Dubuque, Iowa, one of them battered the other to the head off, at the same time laying it on the block. The other gleefully seized the cleaver and made a pass at him, intending to see "how near he could come without hitting." Unhappily, his unsteadiness of hand prevented a very satisfactory result of the experiment, as he cut off one of his ears.

When a crowd of jayhawkers started a disturbance in a Texas church, the other day, the preacher raised up a shot gun and said: "William Dello, sit down, or I'll make it painful for you." William sat down and was as quiet as a lamb.

A boy in West Uta, a few nights since, awoke at once to the knowledge of a dismal optic, and the fact that he is a somnambulist. He had been in the water, swimming, nearly all the hot afternoon, and in his dreams still divided the sportive wave. Then he dreamed when he awoke got through rocking his head himself standing on his eyebrow. —Uta Herald.

A youth of nineteen lately fled from Jackson, O., to escape the clutches of an enamored girl of twenty-two. At Rock Field, Ind., he received this telegram from a friend: "Get up and dust. Sale on your track close. He's 'dusted' his best fourth, but she came up with him in an obscure Illinois town, and led him back home and to the altar."

The Indianapolis Journal praises a locomotive engineer, who also is a professor of "musical harmony," with a gray-haired gentleman who was walking on the track in the city limits.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HEROES OF SWEETWATER. By J. THORNTON RANDOLPH, author of "The Cabin and Parlor." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

CHATTERBOX AND ANSWERS. By THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, LL.D., F.R.S. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and also for sale by Claxton, Remond & Haffelfinger, Philada.

FOODS. By EDWARD SMITH, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London, N.Y. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and also for sale by Claxton, Remond & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE LAMINAR MONTHLY. The July number contains a fine poem, entitled "An Old Time Picture," by R. F. Taylor, "Smoking at the La Verne Lakes," by Robert King, A. Published by F. F. Browne & Co., Chicago.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW. The July number contains the usual amount of interesting reading upon scientific and other matters. Published by the Review Publishing Company, corner Walnut and Fourth streets, Philada.

CARILLA, OR, THE MISTRESS ENIGMA. By the BARONESS TAUTOUH, author of "The Initials." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

AMERICAN RAILWAY GUIDE for July. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A daring youth last week swam across the Niagara river at the foot of the falls.

An old chap at Old City, Pa., likely to die, has burned up sixteen thousand dollars that there may be no quarrelling over his will. He had better divided it around himself.

Here is an order lately given by a young lady to her milliner: "You are to make it the bonnet plain, but at the same time sweet, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

An Indiana girl who was made dumb by an attack of measles recovered her speech suddenly on being frightened while swimming.

Johnny is just beginning to learn geography. He says the Poles live partly at one end of the globe and partly at the other.

Mr. Venis, of Hartford, fell from a third-story window the other night, and the Eastern papers speak of it as the transit of Venis.

A nephew of Greenough, the sculptor, has been arrested in Concord, N. H., for setting fire to a building. He is subject to fits of insanity, has confessed the crime, and says he did it to amuse the boys.

A scared rat took refuge in the trunk of an elephant belonging to John Hinkson's circus the other day, driving the animal nearly mad with terror, for he never had a rat in his trunk before, and he did not know how to get him out. At length he went to a tank of water, sucked his proboscis full, and ejected the saucy intruder with a snort that drove him quite through the canvas.

In a recent Ohio divorce case, the wife testified that she sold her husband to marry to change the name of Hophamner to that of De Lisle. She got the name and also a man who marked out domestic rules with a horsewhip.

New Jersey people don't say "liar"; but they do say "darn," and "liar" is the most common word used by the young men of that State.

The editor of the Quincy Florida Journal after stating that there are twelve millions of fleas to the square acre in that place, calmly adds that "life is a mere dream." This is an anomalous condition of affairs, to say the least.

BY MAX ADELER

[illegible]

The danger of standing in one's shoes or of wearing their cast-off slippers, is sometimes overlooked. A household relation, in the *Journal de Médecine Ecclésiastique*, January, 1873, that a young man of good family died in December last, because, instead of buying new gloves, he bought a pair of cleaned gloves. Either on the cleaning having left a poisoned substance inside the gloves, or from some poisonous stuff lodged there, he presently felt a sharp pain in the fingers, which led to the death. He bled it out for three days, at the end of half an hour he was obliged to tear the gloves off. His hand was swollen, and the spot was black. Gangrene followed and death.



BY MARGARET AUDLEY DOUGLASS

the next morning Ruth might have been seen walking slowly toward the town. She had left Mattie under the care of the physician while she went to see upon the doorstep of General Heywood's daughter, the Sutherlands and their wife, whose hate she based on her way, stood respectfully aside to let her pass, but no greeting passed between them, for they stood somewhat at a safe of the pain, yet woman who walked always alone and with downcast eyes.

Upon the edge of the town she paused, and turning for one last look at the small village found herself face to face with a gentleman, who lifted his hat as he said:

from work. **Ruth** gave him one quick glance and saw that he looked handsome, but very pale and anxious: she bowed and turned to pass on without speaking, for seeing his face her courage failed, but he stood before her in the path, saying:

"**Ruth**, you must hear me—**you** cannot put me off longer; sometimes I have thought that you liked me—my darling, I love you; let me take you from this desolate place and make you my wife, **Ruth**." He held out both hands toward her, but, though her fair face had quivered at the sound of his pleading voice, when he ended it was as if she had never heard him. **Ruth** looked at him and said:

"**Ruth**, look at me—tell me that you will be my wife!"

they don't prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is not in banks tariffs, in bad public policy or hard work, but in their own extravagance and needless ostentation.

PAY YOUR FORTUNE.—Authors and others ob-

and is a condition that may be cured. Our lives are not to let any one see that you are sensitive to their ridicule, and that you live down by silence all such depreciation. **Id.** There are legions of books that would be useful. Works of history, science, travel, biography, romance, and a dozen other subjects, may be chosen, according to your taste and needs. Try "Yonah on the Horn." **Id.** You should keep on studying, and try to be properly economical. You can't best settle what to do when you are prepared to take any decided course.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

Accident in the Hartz Mountains

BRavery OF AN AMERICAN.

The Fall Mail Gazette says: "An accident occurred the other day upon the Hariz Mountains, the circumstances of which as reported are highly honorable to young American concerned. This gentleman, a member of the German branch of student excursionists from the University of Mines, who had gone up to the spot well known as the Witches Ballroom, the same that Goethe introduces with such great effect into his immortal drama. It proved nearly dark when they reached the chasm and looked down it. Unhappily one of the party, a German named Kriewel, misstepped and his footing, as it were, crumbled down the precipitous edge of which his companions were treading, into the depth below, where all

"His comrades dispersed in search of aid, but it proved too late to do anything of value. Before night completely closed, and their darkness added to their difficulty when they missed Mr. Tatham, who was supposed to have perished by a vain attempt to rescue Knevel. At dawn the other students were on the spot with plenty of men and tools to do the work. The cause of a small fire far below in the chasm into which their comrades had fallen. It turned out that Mr. Tatham had managed to scramble down after the fall, and, to the surprise of the others, and finding the object of his search, though terribly bruised, still alive and partly sensible, had tended him through the night, covering him with his own outer clothes, and keeping up a fire of sticks and stones, the flames of which he drew from above. Although the bright dawn lighted Herr Knevel free, or more properly, rolled, is reported to be over two hundred feet, he had broken no limb, and was making no complaint. The last accounts speak of Mr. Tatham."

How the Ladies of Pompeii Dressed.

the fair Pompeian laved her body in
Arun, scent bathed her asses' or goats
milk, lying in luxuriance for an hour;
say, an hour was the merest point of time
when as employed: often as they
occupied the entire morning. In
consequence, her flesh was as delicately-tinted
a white as the inner leaf of a newly opened
rose, of satin-like texture, as the petals
of a rose. Her eyes, her phrenes, her
all her lovely perfections, from the
man, was her essential type. These same
Pompeian beauties, by the way, dressed,
talked, talked and strove to be enchanting
after the Greek styles as thoroughly as any
of the fair of the East. They strove to
imitate the seductive grace of the Parisi-
enne. Next to the skin, the belles of that
varied age, and their Greek models also,
wore a garment of cambic; then a band
about the shoulders, which supported the
bosom, and, sustaining it, something
could have been considered more shock-
ing than straightening up the figure in cor-
sets, binding it up in whalebone splints:
the softly natural curves, the undulating
lines, the swelling thighs, the lovely
all store of artistic forms, in life as well
as stone.

The maker of the strophium was as much prized as the corset-maker in our day. Over this band was always worn a *strophion*, a garment, made of the finest cloth. Then came the graceful tunics, the length of which was evidence of the character of the dame it adorned. This form of dress was equally the custom among the Roman fair as among the Greek and the Persian. The artistic grace of the arrangement of which the celebrated French modiste of to-day cannot equal, the manner of wearing which, under the right breast, over the left, and worn across the shoulder, was as unvarying as the color, which was always white, and which, in the case of the woven wind-*clouds*—was the invariable rule for walking.

Why Not Successful.

The young clerk marries and takes a house, which he proceeds to furnish twice as expensively as he can afford, and then his wife, instead of striving to help him earn a livelihood, by doing her own work, hires a domestic servant to help her spend his limited earnings. Ten years afterward you will find him struggling on under a double load of debts and children, wondering why the luck was always against him, while his friends regret his unhappy constitution of financial ability. Had they been the first he was frank and honest, he need not have been so unlucky. The world is full of people who can't imagine why they do better than their neighbors, while the reason is not in their own merits, but in bad public policy or hard tariffs, or in their own extravagance and needless ostentation.